THE

REVERSE:

OR, THE

Tables Turn'd.

A

POEM

Written in Answer, Paragraph by Paragraph, to a late Scurrilous and Malicious *Medly* of *Rhimes* called the **Foreigners**.

Non ita sunt dissimili Argumento, *sed tamen*
Dissimili Oratione *sunt factæ &* Stylo.

Ter. Andr.

LONDON,

Printed and Sold by *John Nutt* near *Stationers Hall*. 1700.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

THE *Perſon who gives being to the trouble I am now putting my ſelf to, is ſo well known for a* Malecontent, *and his Writings of ſo little Repute, that I ſhould take no manner of notice of him, had he not been appointed the Mouth of a Party which would level their own with Crown'd Heads, and bring down thoſe who have any ſeeming advantage over 'em. But ſince he is not content to be uninterrupted at his* Calves Head Feaſt, *to write againſt the Commiſſioners of the* Victualing Office, *at the ſame time when he had ſtarv'd without their Aſſiſtance, to buz about Maladminiſtration in thoſe of the Admiralty, when he could prove nothing like it, but muſt needs arrogate to himſelf miſerable Reflections on the beſt conſtituted Government in the World, and ſtrike at the Perſon of his* Sovereign *in thoſe he has been pleaſed to* Honour *with his Favours; I could not but think it my Duty to give him the Correction which was due to him, though it falls ſhort of what he deſerves. As for the Method I have taken; the Reaſon which induc'd me to Print his* wretched *Rhimes Line for Line was, becauſe I would give ſome advantage to my* Own *which follow* His *Paragraph by Paragraph; and would expoſe thoſe ridiculous Reflections to a* Second *Peruſal, which have found too much favour at* Firſt. *I intend it not ſo much for an Anſwer, as to put him in a more Methodical way when he ſhall write again; and to ſhew him what a dull* Animal *of a* Malignant *he is. I might indeed have Reflected upon his Incongruities, pointed at the ſeveral eſcapes he has made from the confinement of Sence, and examin'd his Expreſſions and lamentable turns of Thought; But I forbore* Particulars, *to make him a* General *Block-head, and if I have done that, I have gain'd my aim.*

THE

THE REVERSE: OR, THE Tables Turn'd.

Foreigners.

LONG time had Iſrael *been diſus'd from Reſt,*
Long had they been by Tyrants ſore Oppreſt:
Kings of all ſorts they ignorantly crav'd,
And grew more ſtupid as they were enſlav'd;
Yet want of Grace *they impiouſly* diſown'd,
And ſtill like Slaves beneath the Burthen groan'd.
With Languid Eyes their Race of Kings they view,
The Bad too many, and the Good too few.
Some Rob'd their Houſes, and Deſtroy'd their Lives,
Raviſh'd their Daughters, and Debauch'd their Wives;
Prophan'd the Altars with polluted Loves,
And Worſhip'd Idols in the Woods and Groves.

Reverſe.

Iſrael had ſtill, if *Iſrael* had been true,
Enjoy'd ſweet Reſt, and kept ſoft Peace in view;
Her Kings made awful, and their Subjects fear'd,
And *Thoſe* ſlept ſafe, while *Theſe* had wak'd and ſteer'd.
But Fears, Diſtruſts, and Jealouſies aroſe,
And Impious *Iſraelites* were *Iſrael*'s Foes;
As *Faction* at her Monarchs hiſs'd aloud,
Shaking her *Snaky* Locks amidſt the Croud.
Thence grew a Scene of undiſtinguiſh'd Crimes,
And nothing look'd like *Guilt* in *guilty* Times,
Whilſt Murm'ring Fiends on *Tyrants* laid their ills,
And in their ſtead *obey'd* their *Tyrant* Wills.

Foreigners.

To Foreign Nations next they have Recourſe,
Striving to mend, they made their State much worſe.
They firſt from Hebron *all their Plagues did bring,*
Cramm'd in the ſingle Perſon of a King,

From whoſe Baſe *Loyns Ten thouſand Evils flow,*
Which by Succeſſion *they muſt undergo.*
Tet Senſe of native Freedom ſtill remains,
They fret and grumble underneath their Chains;
Incens'd, enrag'd, their Paſſion does ariſe,
Till at his Palace-Gate their Monarch dies.
This Glorious *Feat was by the* Father's *done,*
Whoſe Children *next Depos'd his* Tyrant *Son;*
Made Him, like Cain, *a* Murd'rous *Wanderer,*
Both of His Crimes, and of His Fortunes ſhare.

Reverſe.

Her Queen deceas'd, and Virgin Sov'reign dead,
Without the Pledges of the Nuptial Bed,
A Neighb'ring Land the vacant Throne ſupply'd,
And lent with Tears, what ſhe'd have kept with Pride,
Bleſs'd *Iſrael* with a Monarch Wiſe and Good,
Made her's, by *Choice*, by *Providence*, and *Blood.*
But Wealth nor Peace could Conſecrate his Reign,
Her Childrens *Bleſſing* was her Childrens *Pain*;
Who in requital to the *Race* h' had run,
Return'd his *Goodneſs* with a *Martyr'd* Son.
Curs'd be the *Pen* that *dares* ſuch Worth *defame,*
And give that *Murd'rous* Fact a *Glorious* Name,
Which deaf to Pity ſcatters it's Applauſe,
On what muſt *Damn* the *Praiſer* with the *Cauſe.*

Foreigners.

But ſtill reſolv'd to ſplit on Foreign Shelves,
Rather than venture once to truſt themſelves,
To Foreign Courts and Councils do reſort,
To find a King their Freedom to ſupport.
Of one for mighty Actions fam'd they'r told,
Profoundly Wiſe, and deſperately Bold,
Skillful in War, ſucceſsful ſtill in Fight,
Had vanquiſh'd Hoſts, and Armies put to Flight;
And when the Storms of War and Battels ceaſe,
Knew well to ſteer the Ship of State in Peace.
Him they approve approaching to their Sight,
Lov'd by the Gods, of Mankind the Delight.
The num'rous Tribes reſort to ſee him Land,
Cover the Beach, and blacken all the Strand:
With loud Huzza's they wellcome him on Shore,
And for their Bleſſing do the Gods implore.
The Sanhedrim conven'd, at length debate
The ſad Condition of their drooping State,

And

And ſinking Church juſt ready now to drown,
And with one Shout they do the Hero Crown.

Reverſe.

The Father *Martyr'd*, and the Son *Miſled*
By Counſels of a Land to which he fled,
As taught to *Govern* he forgot to *Rule*,
And held the Reins not *Temperate* or *Cool*.
What Method ſhould miſguided *Iſrael* chuſe?
To truſt *Herſelf* was ev'n *Herſelf* to *loſe*.
Slow to correct, though eager to complain,
She could not regulate a faulty Reign.
When on Her injur'd ſide a Hero ſtood,
Foreign in *Birth*, but *Native* in his *Blood*;
And dar'd the Dangers of the Winds and Seas,
Vent'ring his Own to purchaſe *Iſrael*'s Eaſe.
And juſt was *Iſrael*'s Joy to ſee him Land,
And view Deliv'rance *dawning* from his Hand,
Juſt was the Gift ſhe gave him in return,
For Death *deſpis'd*, and Hardſhips *nobly* Born,
For Wealth *deſerted*, and for *Succours* brought,
Swift as *Our* Hopes, and daring as *His* Thought,
While the good Prince with Pious Sorrow griev'd,
And mourn'd *His* Fate, whoſe *Kingdoms* He reliev'd.

Foreigners.

Ah happy Iſrael! *had there never come*
Into his Councils crafty Knaves at Home;
In Combination with a Foreign Brood,
Sworn Foes to Iſrael's *Rights, and* Iſrael's *Good*;
Who impiouſly ſoment inteſtine Jars,
Exhauſt our Treaſure, and prolong our Wars;
Make Iſrael's *People to themſelves a Prey,*
Miſlead their King, and ſteal His Heart away:
United Int'reſts thus they do divide,
The State declines by Avarice and Pride;
Like Beaſts of Prey they Ravage all the Land,
Acquire Preferments, and Uſurp Command:
The Foreign Inmates *the* Houſe-keepers *ſpoil,*
And drain the moiſture of our fruitful Soil.

Reverſe.

Yet there were ſome who *ſhar'd* the Warriour's Aid,
That *murmur'd* at the *Gift* themſelves had made,
That high in Truſts and Penſions from the State
Thought *their* Rewards too *ſmall*, and *His* too *great*;
As *Iſrael*'s Sov'reign *warm'd* 'em in his Breaſt,
And nurs'd the *Vip'rous* Tyrants of his Reſt.
Amongſt the Chief was *S———r*'s haughty Mind,
A *Sloven* of *Inhoſpitable* kind,

Prefer'd by Kings, yet ne'er to Monarch true,
A murm'ring, cunning, miſerable *Jew*,
Who in return to Royal Bounty, ſheds
His venom'd Inſolence on Royal Heads,
Oppoſing Courts, that he by *Courts* may *riſe*,
As he puts on the Patriot in Diſguiſe.

Foreigners.

If to our Monarch there are Honours due,
Yet what with Gibeonites *have we to do?*
When Foreign States employ 'em for their Food,
To Draw their Water, and to Hew their Wood.
What Muſhroom Honours does our Soil afford!
One day a Begger, and the next a Lord.
What daſtard Souls do Jewiſh *Nobles wear!*
The Commons ſuch Affronts could never bear.
Let no Hiſtorian the ſad Story tell
Of thy baſe Sons, Oh ſervile Iſrael!
But thou my Muſe, more generous and brave,
Shall their black Crimes from dark Oblivion ſave;
To future Ages ſhall their Sins diſcloſe,
And brand with infamy thy Nations Foes.

Reverſe.

If *Judah*'s Sons are falſe, and *Gibeon*'s juſt,
Gibeon has right to *ſhare* in *Judah*'s *Truſt*;
And ſerv'd abroad whom ſhe at home revere'd,
By Gods approv'd of, and to Men endear'd.
Monarchs are *Fountains* whence all Honours flow,
(And Fountains where they pleaſe their Streams beſtow)
And if all Titles iſſue from the Throne,
Sure they may *give*, ſince what they *give*'s their *Own*.
But Malice other kinds of Doctrine ſpreads,
And makes the Crown *precarious* on their Heads.
Forbid it Heaven ſuch Notions have a place
Amidſt the Regiſters of *Jewiſh* Race,
Whoſe Pillory'd Printer blackens the deſigns,
And whoſe whip'd Author ſtains the very Lines.

Foreigners.

A Country lies due Eaſt from Judah's *Shoar,*
Where ſtormy Winds and noiſy Billows roar;
A Land much differing from all other Soils,
Forc'd from the Sea, and buttreſs'd up with Piles.
No marble Quarries bind the ſpungy Ground,
But Loads of Sand and Cockle-ſhells are found:
Its Natives void of Honeſty and Grace,
A Booriſh, rude, and an inhumane Race;
From Nature's Excrement their Life is drawn,
Are born in Bogs and nouriſh'd up from Spawn.

Their

Their hard-ſmoak'd Beef is their continual Meat,
Which they with Rusk, their luſcious Manna, eat;
Such Food with their chill ſtomach beſt agrees,
They ſing Hoſannah *to a Mare's-milk Cheeſe.*
To ſupplicate no God, their lips will move,
Who ſpeaks in Thunder like Almighty Jove,
But watry Deities they do invoke,
Who from the Marſhes moſt Divinely croak.
Their Land as if aſham'd their Crimes to ſee,
Dives down beneath the ſurface of the Sea,
Neptune, *the God who do's the Seas command,*
Ne'er ſtands on Tip-toe to diſcry their Land:
But ſeated on the Billow of the Sea,
With Eaſe their humble Marſhes do's ſurvey.
Theſe are the Vermin do our State moleſt;
Eclipſe our Glory, and diſturb our Reſt.

Reverſe.

A Sect of People ſeemingly preciſe,
Nor Eaſt, nor Weſt, nor South, diſtinctly lies,
All Points of Wind the Murm'ring Sinners ſhare,
And Whine, and Rail, and Plot in ev'ry Air.
No *God* they'll ſuffer, and no *King* obey.
But would the *People* by the *People* ſway;
Curſing their Kings, as if by Kings undone;
Yet wiſhing for *Five hundred* ſtead of *One.*
With theſe a Senſeleſs, ſtarving Scribler join'd,
Poor in his Purſe, and reſtleſs in his Mind;
Yet proud of Parts he knew not how to ſhow,
Turn'd out of Place, and deſpicably Low,
Whilſt he to others Places laying Claim,
Loſt what they had of Salary, and of Shame.
St——ns careſs'd him, and Plain-dealing *O——*
Fed him to Write his Anabaptiſt Notes.
A kind Aſſiſtance in a Lucky Time,
Which made *him* Preach as well as *he* could Rhime:
Such *T——n* was, an Evidential Scribe,
Fit for the Toil of one of *O——s* his Tribe,
Who Laſh'd like *him*, like *him* could Snarl and Rail,
And ſhew his *Malice*, 'cauſe he ſhew'd his Tail.
Oh may the Calves-head Rioters, our Foes,
Still uſe *his* Rhimes, *his* lamentable Proſe,
That Faction may be quieted and ceas'd,
Prais'd by ſo curs'd a *Poet*, and a *Prieſt.*

Foreigners.

BENTIR *in the Inglorious Roll the firſt,*
Bentir *to this and future Ages curs'd,*
Of mean Deſcent, yet inſolently Proud,
Shunn'd by the Great, and hated by the Croud;

Who neither Blood nor Parentage can boaſt,
And what he got the Jewiſh *Nation loſt:*
By laviſh Grants whole Provinces he gains,
Made forfeit by the Jewiſh *People's Pains;*
Till angry Sanhedrims ſuch Grants reſume,
And from the Peacock take each borrow'd Plume.
Why ſhould the Gibeonites *our Land engroſs,*
And aggrandize their Fortunes with our Loſs?
Let them in foreign States proudly command,
They have no Portion in the Promis'd Land,
Which immemorably has been decreed,
To be the Birth-right of the Jewiſh *Seed.*
How ill do's Bentir *in the Head appear,*
Of Warriours who do Jewiſh *Enſigns bear,*
By ſuch we're grown e'en Scandalous in War.
Our Fathers Trophies wore, and oft could tell
How by their Swords the mighty Thouſands fell;
What mighty Deeds our Grandfathers had done,
What Battles fought, What Wreaths of Honour won:
Thro' the extended Orb they purchas'd Fame,
The Nations trembling at their Awful Name.

Reverſe.

But, how can Factious Tempers be ſubdu'd,
When *Iſrael*'s Rabbi's think ſuch Tempers good?
When her High-Prieſts ſit inſolent in State,
And grumble at the Pow'rs that made 'em great,
Though from *Agrippa*'s Bounty they are rais'd,
To wear that *Veſt* which they before diſprais'd;
When ev'n *Hallaſtir*'s Gratitude is ſhown,
In wiſhing for the Fall of *Iſrael*'s Throne.
A Man well Skill'd in *Moſes* Sacred Laws,
And too much learn'd for ſuch ſenſeleſs Cauſe,
Deſerving *Love* for what he *truly knows*,
And *Hate* for the *Example* which he ſhows,
As His *Heart* laughs at what his *Hands* have took,
And loaths the *Shepherd* though he graſps the *Crook*.
Next *Levi*'s Son, a *Napthalite* appears,
Of *goodly Words*, but thoughtleſs in his Fears,
Still dreading the Exceſs of Regal Pow'r,
Falſe, Diſcontented, Arrogant, and Sowr.
A Courtier once, for *Iſrael*'s Service fit,
Till *Grants refus'd* envenom'd all his *Wit*;
Made him oppoſe the finding *Means and Ways*,
And turn'd the Stream of Flatt'ry to Diſpraiſe,
As he would have the Subjects Wrongs redreſs'd,
And loſt the *Golden Key* which *Lock'd* his Breaſt.

Reverſe.

Such wondrous Heroes our Foreſathers were,
When we, baſe Bouls! but Pigmies are in War:

By Foreign Chieftains we approve in Skill;
We learn how to intrench, not how to kill:
For all our Charge are good Proficients made
In uſing both the Pick-ax and the Spade.
But in what Field have we a Conqueſt wrought?
In Ten Years War what Battle have we fought?

Reverſe.

Diſtruſts like theirs our fretful Fathers ſeiz'd,
And urg'd a Rebel War to make 'em eas'd.
But Faith repos'd in Him our Wiſhes choſe
Made us ſubdue another ſort of Foes;
Inſtead of Natives, *Philiſtines* we ſlew,
And made the *Jebuſite* adore the *Jew*,
When *Boyn* with Purple Torrents ſwell'd its Flood,
And *Ahgrim* ſwam, like *Golgotha*, in Blood.

Foreigners.

If we a Foreign Slave may uſe in War,
Yet why in Council ſhould that Slave appear?
If we with Jewiſh *Treaſure make him great,*
Muſt it be done to undermine the State?
Where are the Antient Sages of Renown?
No Magi *left fit to adviſe the Crown?*
Muſt we by Foreign Council be undone?
Unhappy Iſrael, *who ſuch Meaſures takes,*
And ſeeks for Stateſmen in the Bogs and Lakes;
Who ſpeak the Language of moſt abject Slaves,
Under the Conduct of our Jewiſh Knaves.
Our Hebrew's *Murder'd in their hoarſer Throats;*
How ill their Tongues agree with Jewiſh Notes!
Their untun'd Prattle do's our Senſe confound,
Which in our Princely Palaces do's ſound;
The ſelf-ſame Language the old Serpent ſpoke
When misbelieving Eve *the Apple took:*
Of our firſt Mother why are we aſham'd,
When by the ſelf-ſame Rhetorick we are damn'd.

Reverſe.

Yet thoſe who Sav'd and Counſel'd us in War,
Muſt not in Peace at Council Board appear,
But in return for Conqueſt take Diſgrace,
And Naturaliz'd, not have a Natives Place.
Oh! *Iſrael*, let it not in *Gath* be known,
Nor let thy *Gratitude* reach *Askalon*,
Publiſh it not, leaſt Heathens know thy ſhame,
And *Philiſtin's* deride thy Sacred Name!
Bentir has for thy Rights and Houours ſtood,
And made an *Iſraelite*, fought *Iſraels* good,
Diſpell'd the Tempeſts gathering from a far,
And next *Agrippa* huſh'd the Din of War.

Yet for the *Language* is the Man diſpis'd,
Whilſt he that has *no Thoughts* is ador'd and priz'd.
Beaſt, as thou art, impertinent in wrong,
Thou need'ſt no *Eve* to Damn *thee* but thy Tongue;
Thy canker'd Malice, and thy feſter'd Thoughts
Can turn the pureſt Vertues into Faults.
Whoſe riſing Honours, and whoſe towring Fame,
Soar *high* in Merit, as thou *ſink'ſt* in Shame.

Foreigners.

But Bentir *not content with ſuch Command,*
To canton out the Jewiſh *Nation's Land?*
He does extend to other Coaſts his Pride,
And other Kingdoms into Parts Divide,
Unhappy Hiram! *diſmal is thy Song,*
Though born to Empire, thou art ever Young!
Ever in Nonage, canſt no right transfer:
But who made Bentir *thy Executor?*
What mighty Power do's Iſrael's *Land afford?*
What Power has made the famous Bentir *Lord?*
The Peoples Voice, and Sanhedrim's *Accord.*
Are not the Rights of People ſtill the ſame?
Did they e're differ in or Place or Name?
Have not Mankind on equal Terms ſtill ſtood,
Without Diſtinction, ſince the mighty Flood?
And have not Hiram's *Subjects a free Choice*
To chuſe a King by their united Voice?
If Iſrael's *People could a Monarch chuſe,*
A living King at the ſame time refuſe;
That Hiram's *People, ſhall it e'er be ſaid,*
Have not the Right of Choice when he is Dead?
When no Succeſſor to the Crown's in ſight,
The Crown is certainly the Peoples Right.

Reverſe.

But Envy's not contented to Prophane
Agrippa's Friend, but dares his Maſter's Reign,
Under the Subject, it reviles the Prince,
And calls the trueſt Service an Offence.
Would Heav'n that *Hiram*'s Sickneſs would abate,
And he himſelf leave Heirs to *Sidon* State;
That Peace reſtor'd might have no other Face,
And War be known no more to Mortal Race.
But ſince our hopes are in appearance loſt,
And Fate has *Iſrael*'s Vows and *Sidon*'s croſt.
Since the good Prince nor Herbs, nor Art can ſave,
And he muſt Childleſs yield to Nature's Grave.
What nobler Act could humane Mind perform,
Than to prevent and huſh the growing Storm,
Which from two fierce Pretenders elſe would riſe
With Arms in hand diſputing for the Prize;

As each had equal ſhare in *Sidon*'s Reign,
And each had *Sidon*'s Blood in ev'ry Vein.
What has he got, or what his Wiſdom wrought,
But only Peace, and Peace was all he ſought?
Egypt and *Syria* both as Brethren ſhare,
Could *Syria* think her Lot divided fair,
And ſince they'r both Succeſſors to the Throne,
Give *Egypt* what's *her* Part, and like *her own.*

Foreigners.

If Kings are made the People to Enthral,
We had much better have no King at all:
But Kings appointed for the Common Good,
Always as Guardians to the People ſtood.
And Heaven allows the People ſure a Pow'r,
To chuſe ſuch Kings as ſhall not them Devour:
They know full well what beſt will ſerve themſelves,
How to avoid the dangerous Rocks and Shelves.

Reverſe.

If Kings are made the Product of our Choice,
And owe their Grandeur to the Peoples Voice,
Whence is their *Right Divine*, and whence is giv'n
A *Sacred* Pow'r, unleſs their *Voice* is *Heav'n.*
God firſt appointed Kings, and God ordain'd
That ſhould be fix'd which He alone ſuſtain'd,
Well knowing from his Providential Mind,
That *Iſrael* could not *chuſe*, ſince ſhe was *Blind.*

Foreigners.

Unthinking Iſrael! *ah! henceforth beware*
How you entruſt this Faithleſs Wanderer,
He who another Kingdom can divide,
May ſet your Conſtitution ſoon aſide,
And o'er your Liberties in Triumph ride.
Support your Rightful Monarch and his Crown,
But pull this Proud, this Croaking Mortal down.

Reverſe.

Let her indeed *beware*, and truly dread
The Miſchiefs which are falling on her Head,
Whilſt ſhe permits Audacious Slaves, to dare
That Providence, that made Her Kings its Care;
And lets a Servile Wretch for Servile Ends
Traduce Her Monarch, and Defame his Friends.

Foreigners.

Proceed, my Muſe, the Story next relate
Of Keppech, *the imperious Chit of State,*
Mounted to Grandeur by the uſual Courſe,
Of Whoring, Pimping, or a Crime that's worſe;
Of Foreign Birth, and undeſcended too,
Yet he like Bentir *mighty Feats can do.*

He robs our Treasure, to augment his State,
And Jewish *Nobles on his Fortunes wait,*
Our ravish'd Honours on his Shoulders wears,
The Titles from our Antient Rolls he tears.

Reverse.

Amongst 'em shines a Youth a goodly Port,
Keppech the glorious Pride of *Israel*'s Court,
By Nature form'd for Grandeur, and design'd
For Honours, the Rewards of such a Mind.
Noble his Birth, though Foreign is his Blood,
(For other Lands can shew a Noble Flood)
His Temper Courteous, though his Station Great,
As ev'ry Word flows affable and sweet,
And since *Agrippa*'s plac'd him near his Heart,
It needs must be th' effect of *true* Desert.

Foreigners.

Was e'er a prudent People thus befool'd?
By Upstart Foreigners thus basely gull'd?
Ye Jewish *Nobles boast no more your Race,*
Or Sacred Badges did your Father's Grace!
In vain is Blood, or Parentages, when
Ribbons and Garters can ennoble Men,
To Chivalry you need have no recourse,
The gawdy Trappings makes the Asse a Horse.
No more, no more, your antient Honours own,
By slavish Gibeonites *you are outdone:*
Or else your antient Courage reassume,
And to assert your Honours once presume;
From off their Heads your ravish'd Laurels tear,
And let them know what Jewish Nobles *are.*

Reverse.

And thou Great Prince, from whose Auspicious Reign
We Triumph o'er the Land, and Rule the Main;
From whose Example we should Discords cease,
And learn to live in what thou gav'st us, Peace.
Instead of these, wom *Commonwealth* Debates
Would render Enemies to *Israel*'s States,
Part with thy treach'rous COUNCIL from thy side,
Nor let thy Bounty more support his Pride;
Let *HEBRON'S PRIEST* from thy Embraces torn,
Preach *Anarchy* where *Anarchy* was born,
Whilst from thy Righteous Throne we take our Laws,
And fear the Sovereign as we love the Cause;
As we the Blessings of thy Scepter share,
And truly know what *Jewish Monarchs* are.

FINIS.